

The Tragedy of Hamlet

That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him that his heele may kicke at heaven,
And that his soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes: my mother staves,
This Phyficke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.

King. My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come frait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heat and him. Ile silence me even here,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile warrant you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not budge,
You goe not till I set you up a glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me?
Helpe ho.

Pol. What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Dncker, dead,

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,

Iooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou findest to be too busie is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuffe,

If damned custome have not braz'd it so,

That it be prooffe and bulwarke against sense.

Ger. What have I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue

In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as Dicers oathes: Oh such a deed

As from the body of contraction pluckes

The very soule, and sweet Religion makes

A rapodie of words, heavens face does glow

Ore this solidity and compound masse

With heated visage, as against the doome,

Is thought-sicke at the act.

Quee. Ayme, what act?

Ha. That roares so loud, and thunders in the Index:

Looke here upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;

See what a grace was seated on his brow,

Hiperions curls, the front of *Jove* himselfe,

An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,

A station like the Herald *Mercury*

New lighted on a heave, a kissing hill,

A combination and forme indeed

Where every god did seeme to set his seale,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This